A Lamentable Ballad of the LADY's Fall.

To the Tune of, *In Peaſcod Time.*

MARK but my heavy doleful Tale,
You loyal lovers all,
And heedfully bear in your breaſt
A gallant lady's fall.
Long was ſhe woo'd ere ſhe was won
To lead a wedded life;
But folly wrought her overthrow
Ere ſhe became a wife.

Too ſoon, alas! ſhe gave conſent
To yield unto his will,
Tho he proteſted to be true
And faithful to her ſtill.
She felt her body alter'd quite,
Her bright hue waxed pale;
Her fair red cheeks turn'd colour white;
Her ſtrengsh began to fail.

So that with many a ſorrowful ſigh,
This beauteous maiden mild,
With grievous heart perceiv'd herſelf
To be conceiv'd with child.
She kept it from her father's ſight,
As cloſe as cloſe might be,
And ſo put on her ſilken gown,
None might her ſwelling ſee.

Unto her lover ſecretly
She did herſelf bewray;
And walking with him hand-in-hand,
Theſe words to him did ſay:

Behold, ſaid ſhe, a maid's diſtreſs,
My love, brought to thy bow;
Behold I go with-child by thee,
But none thereof do know.
The little babe ſprings in my womb,
To hear the father's voice;
Let it not be a baſtard call'd,
Since I made thee my choice.
Come, come, my love, perform thy vow,
And wed me out of hand.
Oh! wed me not in this extream,
In grief always to ſtand.

Think on thy former promiſe made,
Thy vows and oaths each one.
Remember with what bitter tears
To me thou mad'ſt thy moan:
Convey me to ſome ſecret place,
And marry me with ſpeed,
Or with thy rapier end my life,
Ere further ſhame proceed.

Alas! my deareſt love, quoth he,
My greateſt joy on earth;
Which way can I convey thee hence,
Without a ſudden death.
Thy friends they be of high degree,
And I of mean eſtate;
Full hard it is for to get forth
Out of thy father's gate.

163

246

Dread not thyſelf to ſave my fame;
And if thou taken be,
Myſelf will ſtep between the ſwords
And take the harm on me.
So ſhall I 'ſcape diſhonour quite,
If ſo I ſhould be ſlain:
What can they ſay, but that true love
Did work a lady's bane.

And fear not any further harm,
Myſelf will ſo deviſe,
That I may go away with thee,
Unſeen of mortal eyes.
Diſguiſed like ſome pretty page,
I'll meet thee in the dark,
And all alone I'll come to thee,
Hard by my father's park.

And there, quoth he, I'll meet,
If God doth lend me life;
And this day month without all fail,
I will make thee my wife.
Then with a ſweet and loving kiſs
They parted preſently;
And at their parting briniſh tears
Stood in each other's eye.

At length the wiſh'd-for day did come,
Whereon this lovely maid,
With lovely eyes, and ſtrange attire,
For her true lover ſtay'd.
When any perſon ſhe eſpy'd
Come riding o'er the plain,
She thought it was her own true love,
But all her hopes were vain.

Then did ſhe weep, and ſore bewail
Her moſt unhappy ſtate.
Then did ſhe ſpeak theſe mournful wores,
While ſuccourleſs ſhe ſate:
Oh, falſe, forſworn, and faithleſs wretch!
Diſloyal to thy love;
Hah thou forgot thy promiſe made?
And wilt thou perjur'd prove?

And haſt thou now forſaken me,
In this my great diſtreſs?
To end my days in open ſhame,
Which thou might'ſt well redreſs;
Woe was the day I did believe
That flattering tongve of thine;
Would God that I had never ſeen
The tears of thy falſe eyne.

And thus with many a bitter ſigh,
Homeward ſhe went again.
No reſt came in her watery eyes,
She felt ſuch bitter pain.
In travail ſtrong ſhe fell that night,
With many a bitter throw:
What woeful pangs ſhe felt that night
Doth each good woman know.

She called up her waiting-maid,
That lay at her bed's feet;
Who muſing at her miſtreſs' woe
Did ſtrait begin to weep.
Weep not, ſhe ſaid, but ſhut the doors,
And windows round about:
Let none bewail my wretched caſe,
But keep all perſons out.

Oh, miſtreſs! call your mother dear,
Of women you have need;
And of ſome ſkilful midwife's help,
The better you may ſpeed.
Call not my mother for thy life,
The Nor call no woman here;
The midwife's help comes now too late;
My death I do do not fear.

With that the babe ſprung in her womb,
No creature being nigh;
And with a ſigh that broke her heart
This gallant dame did die.
This little living infant then,
The mother being dead,
Reſign'd his new-received breath,
To him that had him made.

Next morning came her lover true,
Affrighted at this news,
And he for ſorrow ſlew himſelf,
Whom each one did accuſe.
The mother, with the new-born babe
Were both laid in one grave:
Their parents over-come with woe
No joy of life could have.

Take heed, ye dainty damſels all,
Of flattering words beware;
And of the honour of your names
Have you eſpecial care.
Too true, alas! this ſtory is,
As many a one can tell.
By others harms learn to be ware,
And ye ſhall do full well.

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